

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

# Suck

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## CONGRESSIONAL CONTEMPT.

REPUBLICAN CONGRESSMAN:—"He is howling for help." — MONOPOLIST:—"Throw him a promise!"

## PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - J. S. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR - - - H. C. BUNNER

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

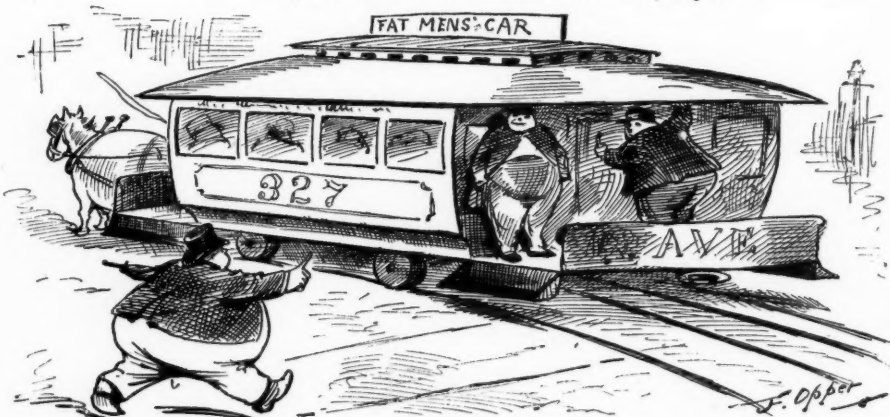
"The dear children—they like it!"  
 Of course they do. They like to eat candy, too, till their little teeth drop out. They like to slide on thin ice. They like to eat more than is good for them. They like to slide down the balusters. Certainly they do. But the fact that they like these things does not at all incline you to let them follow their own sweet wills, does it? Then why, just because they like it, should you let them do what is a thousand times more dangerous, a thousand times more foolish?

Of course it is pretty. Who said it wasn't? The sweet little flushed faces, the bright dresses, mingling, shifting, changing in the kaleidoscopic variations of the elaborate dances, the music, the decorations—they are all extremely pretty, and the papers will have a great deal to say about them all to-morrow morning. Yes, and the papers will compliment the artistic taste and energy of the fashionable dancing-master who has put the whole show on foot and drilled all the flock of children. And the papers will tell you the names of all the bright, brand-new aristocrats who handed their little ones over to the tender mercies of the dancing-master. And they will tell you likewise how much the children enjoyed themselves, and how much the cause of Charity was benefited. And you may judge for yourself how much the originator's business was advertised.

Yes, but can't we look behind the picture that the newspapers show us? When this champagne effervescence of gaiety passes off, what are the lees? Very naturally indeed, these children, excited by the glare, the music, the all-pervading excitement, take a feverish interest in their tasks. But how about the aching little legs, the poor strained little bodies, the weary

## A BROAD-GUAGE SUGGESTION.

"A lady has recovered \$500 damages, because a fat man sat down upon her in an elevated railroad car."—Daily Paper.



LET THE FAT MEN KEEP OFF THE ELEVATED RAILROAD AND HAVE STREET-CARS OF THEIR OWN.

heavy heads on the morning after? The lemonade and Roman punch that have cooled the little throats have soured on the little stomachs. The girl of eight or ten—of six, perhaps, God help her—who last night executed an intricate movement that would have tried a professional ballet-dancer, will wake in the morning, it may be, to suffer her whole life long from the cruel strain on her immature frame. There is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children that will not permit an actor's child to dance for three minutes on the godless stage. What has that society to say about the child who dances for a quarter of an hour around the great circle of the Academy floor? Dear friends, the true Children's Carnival is at home, by the fireside, and the mother is the true mistress-of-ceremonies.

The gates of heaven should be closed against any young man who wears a satin cravat in full-dress. Any man who prefers a japanned necktie should have his little paradise, if there is any due him, all by himself. And into the patent-leather paradise should also be thrust the individual who wears one, or what is familiarly known as the single-barreled stud; for this malignant individual only carries out the idea of the inventor of the scheme, and the inventor is no doubt a liver-pad man, who desires to have men wear their shirts open in front as much as possible, to catch the subtle draft, and cause the wearer to come down with rheumatism or pneumonia.

And then comes the man with the high, terrific all-around collar, which is big enough to make a belt or a pair of corsets. These collars would rake the ears off a giraffe if buttoned on the small of a giraffe's back, and it is only strange that the man who wears one is not hooted out of society. For such articles are even worse than the mule-eared collars whose points work up and stick in a man's gills, and wear the skin off his neck, and make him look as though he is wearing a collar to destroy any suspicions that may exist in regard to his having no shirt on; because the man who wears the mule-eared collars generally sports a scarf and handsome pin that obscure the shirt, and make that garment an object of speculation and conjecture.

It is rather early in the day to begin to discuss the chances of Presidential candidates for 1884. But we do not see very clearly how we can avoid doing so. It seems to be the fashion to assume that any man who is elected Governor of the State of New York need have very little difficulty in gratifying his ambition—if he has anything of the kind—in becoming President. Somehow or other we don't think

that Mr. Cleveland will be our next President. Governor Benjamin Butler, who has been raised to a very high pinnacle of greatness, no doubt looks still higher; but we do not feel disposed to speculate on his aspirations. The training is a trifle premature.

We don't know, or, if we do, we won't tell, why it should be so; but certain it is that there is a bond of sympathy between Republicans and Monopolists. They always work together and run together. In the Senate and the House there is scarcely a representative of a monopolist or a monopoly who is not a Republican. While this state of things exists, the poor taxpayer suffers; for the roving Democrat can do nothing for himself or any one else until he gets into power.



This life-like picture of the Automatic Dog, a thrilling as well as a highly moral and entertaining narrative from the accomplished pen of Miss Ledonia Bullfidget, appears in PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883, and is creating quite an excitement in aesthetic circles. But it is not more than a fair specimen of the many gems of art contained in this unparalleled volume of humor and good-natured jollity. There is a cut on almost every page, and there are over a hundred pages. The second edition is now on the press, and by the time these inspired lines are digested by the gentle or ungente reader, the press will probably be tired out with the fourth edition.

This is the natural result of publishing a first-class book. Get out a literary gem, and you are bound to wear your press out. About every six months we sell a couple of presses for old iron. If we were not afraid of being regarded as vain and conceited, we would a tale unfold that would cause the hairs of the most ancient inhabitant to wax perpendicular with enthusiastic surprise. The King of Siam has ordered a thousand copies, and intends to present one to every deserving local prince, instead of the Order of the Elephant. The King of Siam is a level-headed man, and a level-headed man is he; and he has lots to say in a merry sort of way of PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883. For sale everywhere. Price 25 cents. All respectable druggists keep it.

PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 'EIGHTY-THREE.

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# ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.

## THE NAVAL APPROPRIATION BILL.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,  
WASHINGTON, Jan. 24th.



The House slung itself into committee for the purpose of making up its mind as to the amount of appropriation for the Bureau of Construction and Repair.

Mr. HARRIS professed to be a very good judge of double-turreted monitors, and had also strong opinions

of the intelligence of the Naval Advisory Board; that was why he didn't want a new board, as the bill nefariously called for. The House agreed with Mr. Harris.

EX-SECRETARY ROBESON did not speak at this stage of the discussion, but had he done so he would certainly have predicted the utter ruin of the country unless he (Mr. Robeson) had charge of the navy, and the money required to keep it up. Indeed, the navy could be altogether dispensed with, provided the supply of shekels for naval purposes was fully up to the standard.

Mr. O'NEILL felt that he too must have his little say, and if the Secretary of the Navy did not yearn to have the work done in U. S. Navy-yards, let him go to fully equipped private yards, especially those that belonged to that poverty-stricken patriot, Mr. John Roach.

Mr. BELFORD said he was a Colorado man—that was the reason he knew nothing about this bill. He had only seen the ocean once, and where he lived forty cents a pound was frequently paid for water. He liked to hear Cal-

kins, of Indiana, and Anderson, of Kansas, talk about these matters—especially as the western part of Mr. Anderson's State didn't contain water enough to freshen a salt mackerel. Such being the case, let Mr. Robeson, or anybody who knew as much about ships and monitors as that grand old sailor, do as he might see fit.

Mr. HARRIS, of Massachusetts, could not conscientiously lay his hand upon his heart and say that he felt satisfied. He had been reading PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883—price, 25 cents—recently, and the admirable volume had given him a number of new ideas. He hankered after a steel cruiser to cost at least \$2,300,000 and cause at least 5,000 or 6,000 tons displacement when it got into the water. Then he wanted a dispatch-boat, a torpedo-boat, a house and lot, two or three fast trotting-horses, a fighting bull-dog, and a pass over the New York elevated railroads. Then he wanted over a million of dollars for the manufacture of guns and several other little luxuries.

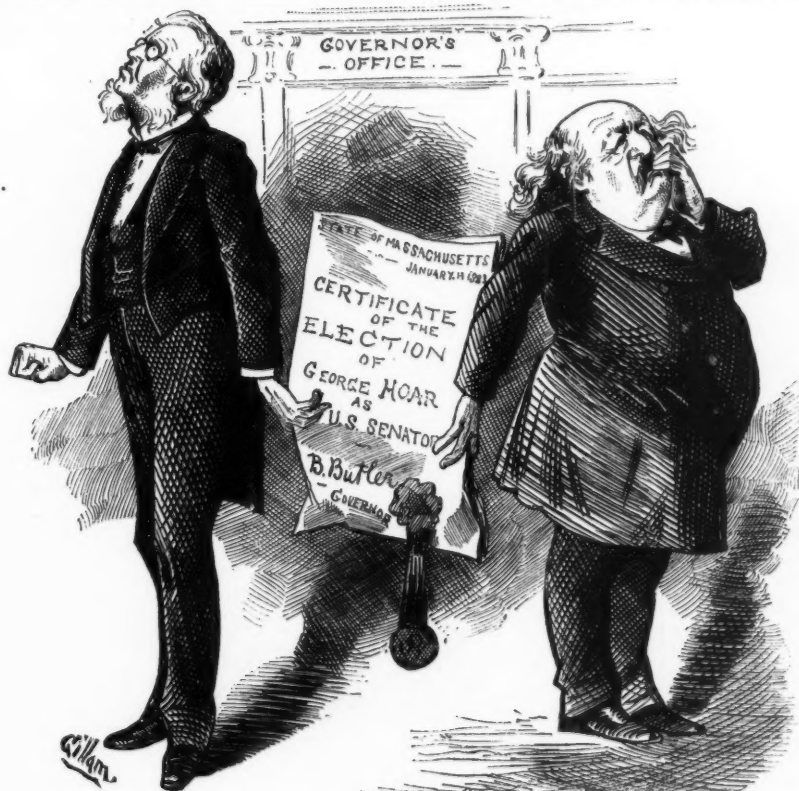
Mr. HOLMAN, of Indiana, failed to see why the other members should have all the amendments to themselves. He wished to do a little amending also. He desired the cruisers built by contract, after sixty days' advertising in PUCK, PUCK'S ANNUAL and one or two other leading journals.

The amendment was adopted, and then Mr. ROBESON stated that he had his own ideas about displacement. Four thousand three hundred tons of displacement was what he wanted. He must have that, or nothing, as a consolation for his not being re-elected to the next Congress.

Mr. THOMAS, of Illinois, also suggested a darling little amendment to the effect that any person in the pay corps of the navy who shall take a private "divvy" in the shape of a present of any kind, shall be fined a million dollars and be imprisoned for a term of two hundred thousand years. This rule not to apply to Mr. Robeson or any of his friends.

The committee then rose, and the House adjourned.

## DOUBLE-EDGED—A BITTER DOSE FOR BOTH.



HOAR:—"OH! THAT I HAVE TO ACCEPT MY CREDENTIALS FROM THAT MAN!"  
BUTLER:—"OH! THAT I AM COMPELLED TO SIGN HIS PAPERS!"

## Puckerings.

NAVY PLUG—Secor Robeson.

A STAR ROUTE WITNESS—Fred Gebhard.

RAZING THE PILE.—Demolishing a Big Building.

WHO READS AN AMERICAN BOOK?—Our British Cousin.

THE PORK QUESTION—Is There Crackling Enough to Go Round?

The self-made man who is wealthy never likes to see a young man's path strewn with roses.

IF THE ice-palace was erected by professional ice-men, how in the world is the City of Montreal ever going to pay for it?

THE GREAT beauty of a cold snap is that it keeps the German band from going around grinding "Spring, Gentle Spring."

THE AIR is so clear at Montclair, N. J., that you can stand on Eagle Rock and detect the clam in a cauldron of chowder at Coney Island.

WILKIE COLLINS has written a story called "Heart and Science." It probably is a tale of an impressible young lady who fell in love with a pugilist.

FEMININE GEOGRAPHY.—New York City is bounded on the north by Lord & Taylor's, on the east by Ridley's, on the south by Daniells's and on the west by Ehrich's.

All the woe of life departs,  
And we see but sun,  
While we're waltzing with our heart's  
Number one.

THE OTHER day the inkstand dropped off the acrobatic editor's desk and rolled about ten feet, after which, strange as it may seem, it landed on its proper end—but it lost its contents while rolling.

YOU CAN buy grapes and pears in winter, but the small boy will not feel happy until he can go out with his skates on and buy green apples on the street that will bend him like an alligator inside of half an hour.

IN ORDER to be ahead of all contemporaries, we wish to state that if Senator Frye ever gets into serious trouble, as some of his brother Senators have, it will be considered a very witty thing to say something about a Frye in a box.

Mr. EDWIN ARNOLD is going to write a new Indian poem, telling how Mr. Indrujaya shot a golden arrow at Mr. Gágá and knocked the Divine Acephalousness higher than a kite on the top branches of the sukáhirô tree. And the girls will all think it too perfectly sweet for anything.

IT IS NOW that the small boy hates to be sent out to a wood-pile half a mile away in a snow-drift to fetch in an armful of hickory sticks. And as he piles the wood up to the top of his head, so that they won't want any until the next night, a lot of snow works down his neck, and he isn't a bit happier, as he slips and falls, head first, in the snow with the whole business.

## MY LADY COMES.



My Lady comes! O Cupid fleet,  
Guide swiftly near thy dimpled feet,  
For sudden all the dark, sad way  
Of my poor life seems fraught with day!  
My Lady comes! O joy!—O bliss!  
I would not trade rich gems for this  
One opportunity to see  
A face where all bright beauties be!  
Gay birds, cool winds, great pansy bunches,  
Damp mead, wherein the cow low munches  
Her toothsome aliment, I know  
Your charms are ever dear; but Oh,  
No ravishments within you lie  
When my sweet Lady saunters by!  
She nearer draws; and faintly glimmer  
Blue eyes through mists of lace which dim her  
Young graces—desperate work of Fate  
To grieve my sight insatiate!—  
And near, sweet, sweet strain that hums  
("My Lady comes—my Lady comes!")  
Announcement of her lightsome trip.  
She stops. Sweet Venus, come and dip  
In flower-heads my languid heart—  
Oh, hide me with consummate art  
In some pink bed of blushrose petals!  
She lifts her veil—O love-sharp nettles,  
Why prod me so with joy-thrills—What!  
Great Jove! it cannot be—'tis not—  
And yet it is!—O bitter pill!—  
My washerwoman with her bill!

EDWARD WICK.

## EATING-MATCHES.

Since Gargantua and Pantagruel achieved their triumphs in epicurism and gastronomy, the world has not had so severe a shaking-up as it is now experiencing while Mr. W. S. Walcott disposes of his brace of quail daily.

For the benefit of the inhabitants of the United States who do not read New York papers, PUCK comes to the front with a brief statement of a few trials in the same line inspired by Mr. Walcott's noble endeavor. If these instances shall accomplish the end of stirring up others to similar brave attempts, PUCK will feel that he has not labored in vain.

## I.

Mr. Guggenheimer, of Avenue A, has put up \$0.75 at the *Clipper* office, with a challenge, open to all the world, to match him in his great feat of eating 1,000 pretzels in 1,000 consecutive quarter-hours. Mr. Guggenheimer is widely known as the Champion Pretzel-Eater of Tompkins Square, and he has never yet found his equal as a devourer of the convoluted delicacy of the socialist quarter. He generally takes an entire bakery every time he tries.

## II.

It is rumored in financial circles that two prominent magnates of Wall Street have waged an even \$200,000 on the result of a gastronomical feat shortly to be attempted in this city. One of the magnates referred to has bound himself to produce an unknown who will eat a brace of compressed yeast-cakes every day, washing them down with water, for thirty-one consecutive days. The trial is to be made in the immediate neighborhood of a warm stove. Many side-bets have been made among the members of the Stock Exchange, and Broad Street is moved to its depths. It is, however, hinted that the whole affair is only an advertisement for a well-known manufacturing firm.

## III.

Mr. Hiram G. Bixby, the genial Sunday-school superintendent of Beanville, Conn., is the man selected by Mr. Moffatt, of this city, to meet Mr. Mastick, the present holder of the pie-biting belt. Mr. Bixby is certainly a gentleman well qualified by nature to meet his distinguished opponent. His mouth is one of the largest in Eastern Connecticut, measuring eleven inches from corner to corner, and built on the pure Talmagian model. He is said to have bitten through seventeen strata of pies at one bite, and to have deeply indented the tin dish. An attempt will be made to beat the record in this match, which is announced for the 1st prox.

## IV.

A gentleman residing in 150th Street has just won a heavy wager by eating three paper collars a day for one hundred and seven consecutive days. The only drink with which he was allowed, by the terms of the wager, to moisten his rather dry fare, was starch, slightly diluted with water. The three-hundred-and-twenty-first paper collar was consumed yesterday afternoon. As soon as the feat was accomplished, the young man was passed through a patent wringer, and he now states

that he feels none the worse for the terrible strain upon his constitution. He is now desirous of finding some one to bet that he cannot consume, in the same time, an equal number of pairs of celluloid cuffs.

## V.

Majah Carvah, of Floridah, announces through the columns of the Jacksonville *True Southron* that he will back his pet alligator, "Smilah," to eat twenty-four consecutive negro babies every twenty-four consecutive hours for three months, the person taking the bet to supply the babies. The alligator has been in training for some months, and his past achievements justify his owner in his pride and confidence. It is hoped that some public-spirited citizen will take up the gallant Majah's wager, if only to settle the interesting question of the alligator's capacity, and to do something in the way of decreasing Florida's surplus population of immature Ethiopians.

## VI.

Mr. William Caper, the late gentlemanly and accomplished goat of Ninety-second Street and Eighth Avenue, was lately backed by his owner, Mr. O'Flanagan, to eat thirty-two yards of gas-pipe every day for a month. The goat went to his task with avidity, and ate, even up to the last day, with genuine appetite. His task was finished with perfect ease, and had it not been for a slight indiscretion in the way of diet, indulged in to further show his phenomenal digestive powers, we should not have to chronicle the early demise of this ornament to the society of suburban New York. The rash animal unfortunately undertook, at the conclusion of his remarkable performance, to swallow the plumber's bill for the pipe. It choked him. The O'Flanagan mansion is desolate, and the O'Flanagan heart is heavy in the night watches.

## VII.

We have to record another melancholy failure. Mr. Smith, an inhabitant of Mrs. Lodyett's fashionable boarding-house, recently bet that he could eat one of the steaks provided by his landlady in one consecutive week. The attempt resulted in utter disaster, although Mr. Smith used dynamite and the homely crowbar.

## OUR HUNGRY BOARDER,

HAVING READ OF THE GREAT QUAIL-EATING MATCH, NOW GOING ON—



—INFORMS OUR LANDLADY THAT HE WILL EAT A BRACE OF QUAIL A DAY FOR TEN YEARS—IF SHE WILL FURNISH THE QUAIL—



—BUT HIS PROPOSITION IS NOT ACCEPTED.



## SOUNDS FROM THE SIDEWALK.



THIS IS WHAT OUR MIND PICTURES WHEN WE AWAKE ON A SNOWY MORNING.



THIS IS THE REAL CAUSE OF THE UPROAR.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

## A LITERARY-SCIENTIFIC PROBLEM.

When actors turn authors, let Old Metaphor stand from under. In an article descriptive of a trans-Atlantic trip, lately contributed to a New York horse-paper by our deservedly popular comedian, Mr. W. J. Florence, we read:

"The sea was as smooth as frozen tin."

This is what Polonius would have set down as "a good phrase," no doubt. "Frozen tin" is good; but what, might we inquire, is "frozen tin"? And wherein does "frozen tin" differ, as regards smoothness, from tin at its normal temperature?

Striving to get at the heart of this mystery (for we, too, can be theatrical, in point of expression, at least), we have subjected a tin vessel to the freezing attentions of a thermometer at zero, and after a protracted exposure found it no smoother than before—in fact, not quite so smooth as when placed over the flames, with hot water, a little sugar, a pinch of lemon and something else inside it.

But perhaps our histrionic *littérateur* has sighted a simile and gone one beyond. Perhaps the "tin" he refers to belongs to the hyper-figurative order that the unscientific especially delight in—the "tin" to which we all "freeze" when we can get a chance, and which perforce gets smoother and smoother the longer we carry it in our pockets. If so, the writer's meaning is rather more obvious, though still a few shades removed from genuine transparency; if not so, why, then, Puck passes.

## COLLEGIATE ABORIGINES.

The *Christian Union* has an article on the beauties of an institution which it calls "A Frontier College." We never heard of it before, and, naturally, feel a little bit curious regarding it and its manners and customs. We would like to know the method of hazing as practised on the incoming Comanche freshmen by the Arapahoe sophomores. And then it must be enchanting to hear Livy and Aristophanes read with a Blackfoot accent. And it

must be a beautiful picture of self-denial to note the Pawnee who is studying theology refrain from knocking out the Sioux who missed the foot-ball and broke four of his ribs. We suppose that pretty soon these Indians, who are making things pretty lively at the Frontier College, will have sufficiently mastered the classics to justify them in entering the lists against Harvard, Yale and Columbia in athletic sports. They will also smoke cigarettes, and lounge around clubs and theatres in full-dress, opera hats and mule-eared collars, and go to Germans, and get intoxicated like gentlemen of culture and refinement. And they will get on papers, and want to take the positions of editors who are gray in the service, instead of looking for the berths of dog-fight reporters and pugilist-reviewers. In fact, they will be just like Harvard and Yale men in this respect, and they will go around boasting that they are graduates of Frontier, and will expect people to go wild over them.

'Tis now we hear in office, hut  
And palace, while the whirlwinds roar:  
"For heaven's sake, and dash you, shut  
The door!"

## A HUBBELLIAN DITTY.

Dedicated to the Hon. Geo. F. Edmunds and Others.

Little contributions—  
"Voluntary" kind—  
Have before been levied,  
Time nigh out of mind.  
And the "ten percentage,"  
Little though it be,  
Footed up immensely,  
Aggregatedly!

Never were they questioned—  
No one e'er complained,  
Till the late elections  
Were n't precisely gained!

Now all join in clamor—  
Sneer and jeer and gloat—  
Fain, forsooth! to make me  
Of rascals the scapegoat!

F. W. POTTER.

## INSECT POWDER.

FROM THE PERSIAN—BY PUCK'S PATENT HAFIZ.

The roar of a cannon is music, but the rasp of a hand-organ is not.

The snow is a judgment. It is made in heaven to upset miserable sinners.

In the spring the farmer tills his fields; in the summer the potato-bugs eat the ripening crops.

The reindeer is swifter than the mule, but the mule can stand still and make himself more keenly felt.

Many a handsome swallow-tail hasn't a satin lining, and some ready-made trousers that are noted for their beauty have no lining at all.

The reason boarding-houses are such terrible institutions is because it was originally intended that every man should have a home of his own.

Many a beauteous rosebud never bursts into blossom, and many a small boy climbs the golden stair under the auspices of the toy-pistol.

It is quite possible to have a genuine feeling of love for a wealthy girl, because some rich damsels are worth loving. Many men have been sold on poor girls.

When the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer he doesn't blow on a cornet. If he did, the faithful would regard prayer as inefficacious, and the muezzin would have to work on a railroad for a dollar a day.

If a man is nothing at the start, and by hard work and perseverance amounts to something, every man stands up and tries to belittle him by telling him what he was at the start. On the contrary, if he continues to amount to nothing, and dies under the auspices of a rope, the public stands up and says what he ought to have been, and what he might have been had he only been stimulated by ambition.

## FREE LUNCH.

YOU CAN'T always wager on a poet being poetical and romantic in all he does. We have the honor of being acquainted with one of the most refined and accomplished of the younger poets. He writes fluently in six languages, composes music, plays on a number of instruments like a professional. Yet this same person, whom one would naturally suppose to live on flowery dreams and hallowed meditations, will drink twenty glasses of beer in an evening, and then go home and sleep in his hat, over-coat and arctics.

IF A man's pocket contains fifty five-cent pieces and one two-cent piece, and he is in the middle of a crowd diving for an elevated train as though each one had but a moment to live and wanted to die on the train, he will certainly pull that two-cent piece out. Then he will drop it back, and, in endeavoring to fetch up half a dime, fish out the two-cent piece again. And the only way he ever gets out the half-dime is to haul out a handful of coins at once.

THE OTHER day an archæologist's daughter fell while running in the street, and smashed the doll presented to her on Xmas. But her father consoled her, and stopped her crying by saying he would mend it himself. So he took it away in the morning, and put on a new nose from the little finger of a Cyprus god, and in other ways patched it up with bits of Pompeian statuary which he had made in Connecticut, and the child never knew the difference.

A MAN WHO recently committed suicide by jumping over Niagara Falls is reported to have been a scholar who spoke fifteen languages. It seems strange that a man's accomplishments, for which he has no special reputation and on which he doesn't trade, in a strict sense, should be brought up in connection with a sad event in his career, and the suicide of a linguist should not cause sensible people to abandon the study of languages.

JOSEPH COOK says that Aaron Burr "was the first tyrant who introduced secrecy in politics." We presume, then, that it is all owing to the teachings of Aaron Burr that no man will tell

how much he received for his vote, or how many times he voted on each side, and how many tickets he sold for balls and picnics that never came off.

THE IVY-GREEN may be a rare old plant, but we would rather have celery.

## WALL STREET RHYMES.

Hey, diddle diddle,  
Jay Gould and his fiddle;  
The bull jumped over the ticker:  
The public belated  
Gets no elevated,  
And horse-cars have to go quicker.

Sing a song o' sixpence  
In seven different ways;  
Thirty pairs of quails eaten  
Every thirty days.  
When Walcott with the little birds  
To his content has fooled,  
He'll learn to gobble larger game  
By imitating Gould.

Rub-a-dub, dub!  
Three men in a tub!  
Jay Gould, Russell Sage  
And the great nickel-plater—  
They all came out  
Of a hypothecator.  
Rub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, dub!  
TRICOTRIN.

## BARRED OUT.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25th, 1883.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

You offer one of your PUCK'S ANNUALS for 1883 to anybody that can step on a barrel-hoop without it hitting him in the eye.

I can do it. Please send me one of your ANNUALS, and oblige,  
Yours respectfully,

J. W. LESZYNSKY.

3 Bowling Green.

We regret to say, Mr. Leszynsky, that you are barred out of this contest. We fear collusion between your name and the barrel-hoop, which are obviously first cousins.

ED. PUCK.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCLXI.

LORD LORNE IN WASHINGTON.



Ya-as, Lorne wote to me recently that his wife—the Pwincess, ye know—has been sufferwing fwom ill health faw quite a long time, and that she had determined up on going to Bermuda or some wegion in the neighborhood in ordah to wecup-

erwate by bweathing purwah and balmi-ah air. He intimated that he would be quite too awfully delighted to see me again, and hoped that I would wun up to Washington, as he passed through on his weturn to his fwigid terwitorwy.

Considerwing the attention he had shown me durwing my stay at Wideau Hall, in Ottawa, I could aw, 'pon my life, scarcely do less than take the twain to Washington. At the same time I wote to West—our ministah—to the effect that if he had woom faw me at the table, on the occasion of the dinnah he would pwobably give in Lorne's honah, I should express no decided objection at being pwesent.

"My de-ah b-b-boy," West weplied—a little famili-ah in his address, but nevah mind: "come he-ah by all means; nothing could possibly affo-ahd me gweatah pleasure. The Marquis dines with me on Fwiday, and the affai-ah cannot be complete unless you put in an appearance."

Aw West is a devilish agweeable fellow. The dinnah was fai-ah—aw quite good. The wines were not half bad, and the company was wathah maw attwactive than is usual at affai-ahs of this kind. Several membahs of the Amerwican ministwy were pwesent and had a gweat deal to say to Lorne and me.

Ovah the coffee and cigars, we, aftah a gweat exercise of patience and many aw pardonable interwupctions, managed to get into a quiet cornah and indulge in a fwriendly chat. Aftah weferwing to the tiresome work of governing Canada and keeping the countwy in ordah, he said:

"There are indeed some quee-ah people in existence. Perhaps you'd scarcely cwedit it, but d'ye know that a numbah of Canadian Wepublicans and some English Wadicals have aw actually been making a wow, because my wife traveled across the ocean to Bermuda aboard a Bwutish man-of-war, Her Majesty's ship Dido? I should like to know the use of my mother-in-law's having vessels, if her own childwen have not the wight to use them when they think pwopah. I think the objection verwy bad form, and just shows to what desperwate extwemes these horwid wevolutionists will go. They say that the ships are not the pwoperty of Victorwia, but belong to the people, and it is outwageous that they should be used faw pwivate purposes—just as if my wife or myself or any of my woyal connections by marwriage were pwivate individuals."

Aftah maw entertaining conversation, I took leave of Lorne, West and the othah fellows and weturned to New York aw.

KAISER BIER—An Imperial Catafalque.

IN SUMMER ice-cream and soda-water

Do please the maidens all;

But, then, in the winter they think a man oughter

Escort them to the ball.

## VANDERBILT'S LITTLE DISCIPLE.



FREDDY:—"I HAVE AN INCOME OF \$80,000 A YEAR! THE PUBLIC BE D—D!"



## PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



Miss Helen Bancroft made her first appearance as *Julia* at the TURF CLUB THEATRE last week. Although overweighted with a part which perhaps should be relegated to the heavy-mouthed queens of the old-school drama, she proved herself intelligent, sweet-voiced and sympathetic, and will doubtless show to advantage in the lighter work of modern comedy. She is certainly the prettiest woman who has taken to the stage in many years. The support was of a strange, wild, weird and peculiar badness.

Salvini has been enjoying the hospitality of the Baltimoreans, in the shape of terrapin and canvas-back duck, during the past week. He says that he is fast becoming a professional "diner-out." In a speech he made at the anniversary banquet of the Clover Club in Philadelphia a few days ago, he expressed his appreciation of the hospitality with which he had been received all over the country. This week he is in Washington, and his first appearance as "King Lear" there to-night will be signalized by the presence of two august personages—viz., President Arthur and Dr. Lord Lorne, the Governor-General of Canada. Salvini appears in Brooklyn February 6th, and will be in that city all the week. February 19th we are to have him in New York, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Birch, Hamilton and Backus, the SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, claim to be the greatest minstrel troupe on earth, and, judging by their performances, we don't think that anybody would attempt to dispute their assertion. The benefit performance for Messrs. Lonsdale and Harris, last Wednesday, at the STANDARD THEATRE, was the grandest of grand successes, which reminds us that "Iolanthe" shows no sign of weakening. Not to have seen it is un-English and aw "bad form."

In the FLUSHING OPERA HOUSE, on Friday evening last, a very satisfactory amateur minstrel performance was given by members of the Nereus Club. Thus it will be seen that Messrs. Birch, Hamilton and Backus have not the whole Ethiopian prairie to themselves. Mr. F. C. Bangs becomes more Corsican than ever in his performance of the double brothers, *Louis and Fabien dei Franchi*, at BOOTH'S THEATRE. Miss Clara Morris has once more found herself in Brooklyn. Yes, she is there, at HAVERLY'S THEATRE, and is playing *Mercy Merrick* in "The New Magdalen." The FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE audiences have been treated to Miss Mary Anderson's various phases, including the handsome peripatetic statue, *Galatea*. "Ingomar," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Fazio" are the three plays that are being distributed about the days, or rather nights, of this particularly blessed week.

We know that "Serge Panine" is in preparation at DALY'S THEATRE, and we are also prepared to make an affidavit to the effect that Colley Cibber's comedy, "She Would and She Would Not" and PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 are being as much talked about as anything on this mundane sphere. "M'liss," the Bret Hartey Child of the Sierras, is Miss Annie Pixley's specialty, and she specials it at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE for this week.

The reason why so many people go to see "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," by the McCaull Opera Company, is because the CASINO is such a beautiful

building and the opera is an entertaining one. "Young Mrs. Winthrop" is still very much at home, and has apparently taken a very long lease of her premises at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. The BIJOU OPERA HOUSE is not likely to be called upon to change its bill for the remainder of the season. "Virginia" satisfies everybody. Although the finances of this country are managed on a hard-money basis, "McSorley's Inflation" more than holds its own at Harrigan & Hart's THEATRE COMIQUE. At WALLACK'S, "The Silver King," which, so far, promises to put gold galore into the theatre's treasury.

The Charity Ball was a brilliant success—financially and every other way.

The ball of balls will take place February 5th. Don't you know which it is? The Liederkrantz, my son, a scene of healthful, mirthful, musical, dazzling beauty. Then be on hand at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, or regrets will be yours forever.

## GOOD OLD PARSON GRAY.

When I was a boy, and a country boy—  
That was forty years ago—  
There was one old form on our village street  
That well I used to know;  
A figure old and bent, but still,  
Whether hot or cold the day,  
It went hither and thither on errands of love—  
'Twas good old Parson Gray.

For two score years he had lived with us,  
He had seen his babes grow old,  
He had reaped a harvest of friendship rich,  
And very small store of gold.  
And there was n't a man or child in town  
That had n't a word to say  
Of love or respect or gratitude  
For good old Parson Gray.

His old black broadcloth coat was worn,  
And long, and of ancient cut;  
But they didn't care much for looks or style  
In the widow's humble hut.  
And they never looked at the cut of his clothes  
When he came to watch and pray,  
And to nurse and help by the sick man's bed—  
Our good old Parson Gray.

He could talk to the women about their work,  
To the farmers about the crop,  
With a smile he could shame the idle group  
That hung round the village shop.  
And on every Saturday afternoon  
He would join with the boys at play,  
And he said that their youth made him young again—  
Our good old Parson Gray.

He is resting now by the village church  
That so long to him was dear;  
And the boys that he taught have been out in the world  
And at work this many a year.  
But of all the folk that I've met and known  
Along Life's troublesome way,  
Not one skipped off with the Sunday-school funds  
Like good old Parson Gray.

MASHINGTON NERVE.

## Answers for the Anxious.

No rejected articles are e'er sent back,  
Over them his lips PUCK's William-goat doth smack.

HASELTINE.—Tell her to pronounce it "Mowry."

N. C., Altoona.—Very sorry; but we've let your address slip into oblivion, or somewhere. Ship it along, will you? And include the name, if it is no trouble to you, and if you happen to remember it.

JACKSONVILLE GIANT.—Come up, by all means, if you want to take the job of tangling up this office. The Assyrian Pup's office hours are from 9 to 6.

GALLIFET.—It's no use. You can't do it. We tried it once in our giddy youth; but we found that we were bucking up against the impossible, and we ceased. We refer to your courageous, but utterly futile attempt to rhyme "Pandora" and "gondola."

LELIE.—Where did you get that sweet name? It must have dripped out of a sugar-refinery. We know only one thing sweeter, and that is your poem. It is altogether too sweet to print. It would stick the pages together if there happened to be a thaw.

## AN ADVANCE NOTE



FROM WAGNER'S NEW OPERA.

[Baritone sings:]

I am Grynkyldrin,  
Mellifluous minstrel,  
Masher meandering,  
Grail-seeking growler,  
You, Klundahilda,  
Daisy delicious,  
Heart-hoisting houri,  
Here you have got me.  
Take this kind kissingful  
Sweet salutation,  
Take it and when you have  
Got it freeze on to it.  
Chord on the tubas,  
Trombones and tom-toms—  
Here's your old Wagner Op.—  
Six for a kvarter.

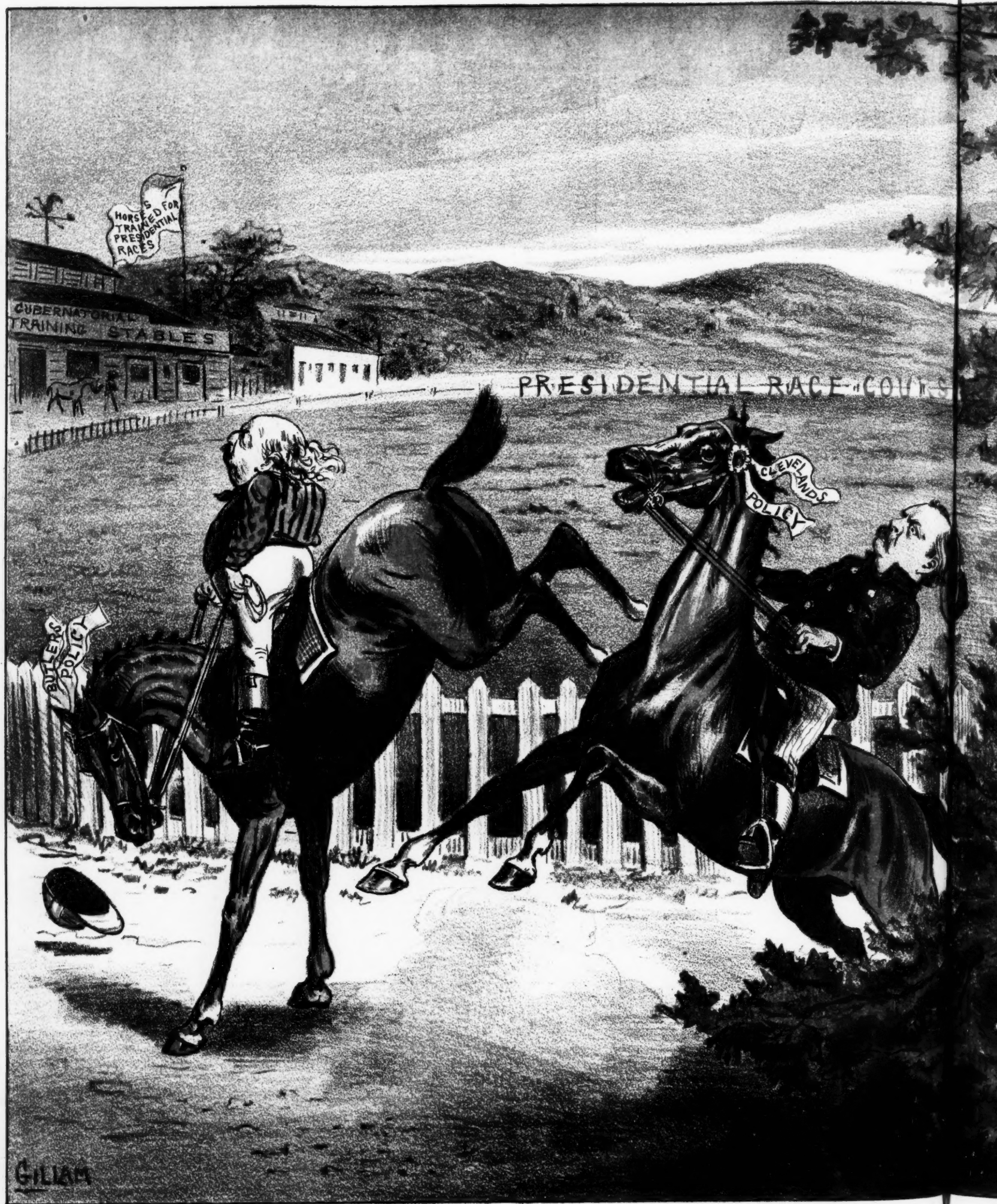
## GREAT BRITAIN'S PERIL.

We hope that the rising historians of the English-speaking world are getting ready for work, for their grand opportunity is at hand. It is right on the top of them, so to speak, and the "Decline and Fall of the British Empire" must soon take the place of a similar work regarding Rome by the late Mr. Gibbon.

It will be an interesting work, if we may judge by the rapid manner in which Mr. O'Donovan Rossa is manufacturing material for the inevitable collapse. England is to be struck in five different places in one night, at the exceedingly moderate price of five hundred dollars a strike. The two thousand five hundred dollars, it is true, is not yet in Mr. Rossa's possession; but, as the supply of Milesian domestics throughout the country is large, there will not be much difficulty in collecting it. If we thought that Mr. Rossa had any bowels of compassion, we, for mere humanity's sake, would plead with him to spare poor, dear old England, or at least permit her to exist for a few weeks longer.

We know that she has deeply wronged Mr. Rossa, but then she has righted many thousands of others in the course of her career, and this ought to be considered, in extenuation at least, before the wiping-out process takes place.

In the meantime Great Britain is trembling from head to foot, and Mr. O'Donovan Rossa is preparing his dynamite and waiting for the remainder of the destruction fund.



OVERTRAINING YOU.  
DISMOUNTED JOCKEYS:—The horses look well enough now; but began train



PCK.



IN YOUNG HORSES.

; but began training too early, and will break down long before the race!

## TROCHES.

A BURGLAR WAS recently caught up-town, and, on being searched at the station-house, one of his pockets was found to contain a fish-ball on the end of a piece of stout cord.

"Is that the way you carry your food around?" inquired the captain, facetiously.

"I don't carry that around to eat!" protested the burglar.

"Isn't it a fish-ball?" asked the captain.

"It is."

"And don't you eat fish-balls?"

"Yes; but that is a boarding-house fish-ball."

"And don't you eat boarding-house fish-balls?" asked the captain, in tones of astonishment.

"I do not; they are too valuable to eat."

"How's that?"

"Why, because they can be used for slungshots. First you tie a cord about a foot long to it, and by swinging it around your head you can knock an ox out. Now, once—"

But he was hustled swiftly away.

THE *Whitehall Times* prints an article called "The Barber's Secret." The only barber's secret we ever heard of outside of his recipe for the tonic that he guarantees will make hair grow on anything, is the light and airy manner in which he deals out ossified information. The barber always tells you something you know; and it is strange that a man feels grateful in spite of himself for being informed of the fact that it is snowing, that the weather is cold, that that was a sad fire at Milwaukee, that the river is full of ice, that his face is tender, and that his hair is thin. If the barber could secure as strong a grip on the day before yesterday or the day after to-morrow as he has on to-day, he would simply be an oracle, in comparison with his present self.

IF A MAN knew the exact minute of the day at which he was to slip and blend with the sidewalk, his life would be so miserable that he would not be able to utter a word. But we will venture to remark that if a lady knew she was to fall down fifty times between three and four o'clock, she would not be too unhappy to

talk, but would go right on babbling about patterns, gussets, revamping last year's basque, and building a silk dress with a paper muslin top, to be hidden by a cheap overskirt.

THE NEWSPAPER man who goes into the heart of a battle to write it up for the world receives about fifty dollars a week, and has to sleep on the damp ground and eat raw pork; but the man who sticks his head into the lion's mouth at a circus doesn't get less than a hundred and fifty dollars per week, and, in addition, has his expenses paid at a first-class hotel.

THE *Continental Magazine* publishes on its first page a picture of a handsome young lady, dressed in the height of fashion. She has on a fur-lined circular and a lovely Gainsborough hat with a fleecy white feather. This is the reason we can't understand why the picture should be called "Disconsolate."

THE BOY who doesn't stand high in the estimation of his Sunday-school teacher is the one who recently, in a lesson whose subject was the healing power, made an innocent but uncouth allusion to a shoemaker.

MANY OBJECTS have been sent through the mails, but we'll venture to say that no Chicago girl ever sent her overshoes in this way, unless she was very wealthy and wanted to put on lots of style.

WHEN YOU root in your ulster pocket,  
And think you've found a dime,  
That it turns out to be a button  
You may wager every time

Now the maiden's satin slippers  
Spangled make her little feet,  
As she whirls so indiscreet,  
Look like twinkl' little dippers.

WHEN A man persists in telling you that he has passed through college, it is safe to assume that he has nothing else to recommend him.

TWO NOVELS which di Cesnola should not fail to read attentively are, "Who Breaks Pays" and "Never Too Late to Mend."

## HOW TO GO.

So, dear Linda, you and Adolphus Hiram want to know how to go to the Liederkrantz Masquerade Ball, do you? And you wish that PUCK would suggest to you a few nice costumes, so that you may take your choice? Well, sweet little enchantress of our convoluted brain, we will electrify the gray matter sloshing around within our cranium, and we will try to think up something that will settle your surging doubts as an injunction settles a receiver.

Linda, you don't want to go as a Gitana. You have no use for a Queen of Night costume. Columbine doesn't suit your style. You don't care to trail around in a Watteau Shepherdess dress with a main-sail reef down your back.

Of course not. We can suggest one or two things better. Why don't you powder yourself with granulated sugar and go as a gumbdrop? Why don't you pepper yourself with peanuts and go as a hunk of taffy? Dye your hair green and be a mermaid. Put your feet in Saratoga trunks and pass yourself off for a Chicago girl. Flute your arms and represent a hairpin. Put yourself on springs and personate a yeast-cake. Put on a life-preserver and be a daisy. Dress yourself up in the new code and go as the Genius of Liberty. Put a key in your ear and go as a clock. Curl your hair and go as a moss-bank.

Now, Linda, there are a few suggestions for you. You may have them at cost price, and give us your note for the remainder. We hope some of them will suit you. If no particular one does fill the bill, suppose you mix them all up together, and go as an agglomeration?

If that won't work, send to us once again, sweet child of lavish loveliness, or as many times as you want to. We are always here when beauty calls. Just try us and see.

As for you, Adolphus Hiram, we don't quite know what to do with you. Of course, you might get into a fight with John L. Sullivan or Mace's Maori and go as a blood-pudding. That isn't nice, isn't it? Well, you are right, Adolphus, it isn't nice. But if that idea had come into your cerebral cavity you couldn't have helped expressing it, either. But then, probably, your intellectual vacuum wouldn't generate a conception of that sort.

We're sorry; but that is the best we can do for you, Adolphus Hiram. Somehow, we don't take as much interest in your costume as we do in Linda's, bless her soul. We are afraid we'll have to let it go at that.

Stay—a thought strikes us. How would it be for you to put on a pair of tight trousers, a wasp-waisted ulster, a low Derby with a verandah brim, toothpick shoes, your watch-chain outside your coat, half-a-dozen seal rings, a giddy scarf and a small moustache, and go to the Liederkrantz Ball as a parody on the present day?

Nobody will recognize you as a gentleman.

THE KING OF HEARTS—Bret.

A BEAR MOVEMENT.—The Hug.

A SAFEGUARD—The Combination.

THE BEST POLICY—Not to Play at All.

WARRANTED TO WASH—The Scrub-Woman.

STANDING PAT—The Patient American People.

NOT A SQUARE YARD—Robeson's Navy Yard.

THE TRAY OF DIAMONDS—The One in Tiffany's Window.

## CHRONOLOGICAL CAPRICES.

"Then this gorilla of the African forest with his club again pounded, 'Order! Order!'"—Extract from Talmage's Sermon.



HELD UP TO RIDICULE BY ANTI-EVOLUTIONIST TALMAGE.



TO ———.

We do not know exactly how a poetical correspondence should be carried on, as we never attempted to carry one on. You might just as well ask us the proper method of running a savings-bank with a view to benefiting the depositors occasionally, because we know as much about running a savings-bank as we do about writing letters in verse.

But, as you have written us in sober, serious earnest, we have decided to give your case the careful attention which seems, on the whole, to be its due, and to give you the information you so anxiously desire.

We have gone so far as to negotiate with a publisher for the publication of a metrical letter-writer, filled with specimens to be used on different occasions, and we will cheerfully dower you with a fair portion of our royalty, as the suggestion which led to the composition of the book is entirely yours.

We will now proceed to give you a few examples, which will show you clearly our idea of the scheme :

TO A GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

(With a check for five hundred dollars.)

Alas, Alack,  
Go hire a hack,  
And into it pack,  
And down-town tack  
While the whip doth crack.  
O dear old dame, you are off the rack  
When you go down-town to buy a stack  
Of things, and I think you had better whack  
On your back  
A seal-skin sacque.

JACK.

That is the way to make your great-grandmother happy and serene; but you must pursue a different plan when you address a young lady. The following lines are intended to be sent to any damsel with whom you happen to be intimate, asking her to accompany you to the circus:

SKINEATELES, 8th of July, '83.

Dear Di:

Will you go to the circus with me?  
I've just sent you flowers, all lovely and bright,  
To wear at the show in your girdle to-night.  
We'll hear the old clown with his quirk and his quip,  
We'll hear the sharp crack of the ringmaster's whip,  
We'll see the old elephant tumble and roll,  
We'll see the pink monkey a-grin on the pole,  
We'll hear "Captain Jinks" by the band badly played,  
And list to the boy as he shouts: "Lemonade!"  
Oh, say, dearest Di, with your optics so bright,  
You'll go with me unto the circus to-night!  
The carriage is ordered—oh, do not say nay—  
The circus not frequently travels this way;  
And well do you know that your old Uncle Pete  
Will squander his shekels at will to complete  
The rapturous joys of his dear little queen:  
Be ready at seven!

Yours truly, EUGENE.

That is the manner in which sweet seventeen is taken into camp. Now, if you want to send a box of candy to a young lady, and wish to write anything, write it in verse; for that which is perfectly harmless, innocent and enjoyable in verse would furnish sufficient material for a breach-of-promise suit, if carefully written in prose. The old saying, "More truth than poetry," goes a long way to prove that in poetry there is no truth. Consequently, it is safer to address a girl in verse. Now, if you send a box of candy, you might write on the outside:

Clara  
Bell's  
Cara-  
Mels,

and it would, no doubt, be appreciated more keenly than would half a yard of carefully written machine-prose. If you send the girl a nice pair of old-gold gloves, you might make her ineffably happy by inditing on the box:

Mary  
Ann's  
Fairy  
Tans.

## HIS USUAL SHARE.



HOW EGYPT WILL BE GOVERNED.

If you are going to give a kettledrum, you might make each of your friends happy with the following:

Miss Johnson sends her compliments  
To Mr. Henry Lum,  
And says, on Thursday afternoon  
She'll give a kettledrum,  
To which she hopes that Mr. Lum  
And wife will kindly flock—  
The kettledrum begins at 3  
And ends at 5 o'clock,  
47, Avenue C,  
R. S. V. P.

If your daughter is going to be married, it would not be a bad idea to issue the invitations in verse. It might appear a little odd at first, but it would not take a great while to make it a custom. This is the way it should read:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Water  
Your presence do request  
At the marriage of their daughter  
Maud Mary to Wm. West,  
On January 24th,  
P. M., at five o'clock,  
At 767 North  
Allaire St., Little Rock.

Or an obituary notice might be made to read, after the name, age and disease:

Quiet and unmolested  
Were his final hours—  
His friends are all requested  
To hold on to their flowers.

If a man wants a plumber to come in to perform professionally, it would be a good scheme to say:

Come to me, O gentle toiler,  
On a running jump;  
I would have you fix the boiler,  
Yes, I would, O faultless spoiler  
Of the kitchen pump.

And, after the plumber has winked once at the boiler, and maimed it for life, it would be perfectly consistent for him to do the ensuing:

Feb. 7th—fixed the boiler,  
The pipes that in the kitchen  
Run down unto the faucets.  
And now the thing that follers  
Is to send in my statement,  
My little monthly statement,  
My gay and festive statement  
For forty thousand dollars.

There is no use of offering any more specimens to prove that a metrical letter-writer would fill a long-felt want; and that the Governor's private secretary might inform a con-

demned murderer that Executive clemency had been refused him in hexameters, and thus soften the harshness of the sad tidings. And if any one wants a private secretary, we will name a man who will do the business at five dollars a line. That is less than Tennyson gets, and the work will not be worse than that which Tennyson is doing at present—it couldn't be.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## CONTRARIETY.

This is the season of the year that raises ructions with the young man who is engaged to be married, because now the ground is covered with snow, and sleigh-riding is the order of the day. It costs so much to hire a sleigh and keep up the other winter luxuries which every girl is supposed to desire, that most young men only regard matrimony as a sort of yoke, and keep out of it. In the summer, when you can hire a sleigh for almost nothing, the young lady doesn't think about sleigh-riding. It only strikes her as being heavenly when the horse and sleigh cost almost as much as a horse and wagon do at the seaside in hot weather. Then a girl doesn't care about going sailing in the winter, because boats are cheap. The summer is the best time to be engaged, for then the girl is away in the country, and the young man has a chance to save up for the winter campaign. But the man who engages himself at the opening of winter is wrecked in advance, unless he is the son of a plumber.

## THE EMPIRE CITY.

Block in Broadway—Time: six hours—Cause: A "Busted" Steam-Pipe.  
Broadway with a yawning chasm opposite the Western Union Building—Time: two days—Cause: A "Busted" Steam-Pipe.  
Wall Street, below William, opened—Time: one afternoon—Cause: A "Busted" Steam-Pipe.

How long, ye good citizens, how long is this to go on? But then, as the President of one of the Steam-Heating Companies is reported to have said:

"What can you do against five millions of capital?"

## EXECERATIONS.

## CHAPTER II., X.—XXXV.

And it came to pass in the reign of Chester, which is surnamed Arthur, that one Nicodemus, surnamed Higginbottam, arose in the city of Haddam, which is over against East Haddam, in the country of the Massachusites.

Now Nicodemus waxed exceeding wise, and his forehead became exceeding high, like unto that of a Harlem goat.

"And behold!" he said unto himself: "the country here is too submerged, and likewise too tardy for me. I will arise and go far hence among the Gothamites, even unto the land that is flowing with milk and taffy."

Now, when he had arrived in the land of the Gothamites, he found himself sore in need and much perplexed for want of knowledge of what to do with his shekels to add unto them.

Then came unto him a prophet from the lower end of Broadway and taught him, saying: "Behold! the grapes grow for them that will eat thgreof, and the cash casheth up for him that will seize upon the same."

But Nicodemus answered him yet again, saying:

"Howbeit I understand thee not."

Then the prophet measured the length of his index-finger along the side of his nose, and said:

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, there is more gain in mining-stocks than in the selling of tape or the vending of huckleberries."

"Behold I, even I, and a few others of the elect have purchased us a mine, yea, even a vein wherein the silver and the gold and the copper and the zinc and the tin and the antimony and the iridium and the iodide of potassium are flourishing with an exceeding great flourish."

"And, moreover, we have gathered ourselves together into a community to reap the harvest."

Then Nicodemus marveled greatly and said unto the prophet:

"I am sore perplexed to tumble to thy discourse. Enlighten me, I pray thee, as to the manner of the sowing and the reaping."

And the prophet said:

"We shall hire laborers at tuppence per day to dig the precious things out of the bowels of the earth, and the fame of the richness of the vein will go forth, and men will come unto us and beseech us to sell them many shares for many shekels. And verily, verily, I say unto you, we shall ladle it out unto them with great profit unto ourselves."

But Nicodemus said unto him:

"Where is this mine?"

And the prophet drew from his bosom a map and showed him the situation of the mine. And Nicodemus was amazed.

Then said the prophet:

"We shall place these shares for sale at ten shekels. But behold, thou art my friend, and I cleave unto thee with exceeding great cleaviness. Therefore, even out of my abundant love, will I give unto thee as many shares as thou wilt for five shekels per share."

Thereupon Nicodemus rejoiced and was exceeding glad, and took unto himself two thousand shares.

Howbeit when the shares were offered for sale in the market-place, they soon declined to 97 cents.

Then Nicodemus was sore troubled in spirit.

But the prophet said unto him:

"We have a scheme devised by our wise men. Each holder of shares will be assessed one dollar, and then great work will be done on the mine."

And Nicodemus, still greatly perplexed, ponied up his shekels like a diminutive human.

Howbeit ere many days the mine was sold by one sheriff even unto him who held a mortgage thereon.

Then Nicodemus waxed wroth and his countenance was fallen. And he arose and girded up his loins and sought out the prophet.

And he seized the prophet by the lower flap of his left ear and yanked him forth into the highway. There he smote him hip and thigh and swept the pavement with him for several blocks; yea, even until the prophet gasped and gave up the ghost.

And they took him far hence unto Hoboken and buried him under a railroad track; and no man knoweth his grave unto this day.

W. J. HENDERSON.

## JAY GOULD'S CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST.



SOWING THE WIND, AND—



REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

A NEW 5-cent nickel is to be issued, a little larger and thinner than the present one. As it is believed that, made in this shape, it will sound very much like a quarter when deftly dropped on a contribution plate, the new coin will doubtless be very popular.—*Phila. News*.

AN Austin merchant says that Col. Harris Cheever, a member of the Legislature, is the champion impolite man of Texas.

"What did he do that was so impolite?" we asked.

"I met him on the Avenue," replied the merchant: "and he did not lift his hat to me, and it is the same hat I sold him on credit during the last session of the Legislature."—*Texas Siftings*.

## "THE ROSE THAT ALL ARE PRAISING."

PUCK'S ANNUAL has dawned again upon an expectant world, which has learned to look upon PUCK for the "latest and most reliable" intelligence of the goat, the mule and the poet. Our friend, the professional poet, V. Hugo Dusenbury, has well earned a niche in PUCK'S Pantheon by the very clever verses on the months, while the compilations of "humorous" subjects, from keeping a diary to the putting-up of cook-stoves, and the Thanksgiving turkey, will prove invaluable to "Mark Twain" and other provincial humorists. The ANNUAL contains too many good things to render its digestion easy if taken in a lump. But a casual glance into the bright little volume is almost sure to bring a smile, and so the book has a wholesome use.—*New York Tribune*.

Well, it has come, and work in the *Times* has ceased for forty-eight hours. That is the effect of the evil influence of that yearly infliction, PUCK'S ANNUAL. We protest. The editor picked it up to glance it over, went into hysterics of laughter; the foreman snatched it and was carried home in spasms, and so on through the whole force. And all this for twenty-five cents at any news-room. The thinly-clad little artist who has adorned the pages of PUCK since its first number has fairly excelled himself in the ANNUAL for 1883. It is better than medicine and twice as easy to take. Buy it.—*Syracuse Times*.

There is consolation in the fact that PUCK never deserts us, and that the very first copy of his inimitable ANNUAL for 1883 was sent hot off the griddle. There is nothing like the ANNUAL in the heavens above or the earth beneath. Strikingly original in its conception, it is simply superb in execution and immense in its far-reaching fun. The genius that immortalized PUCK in a midsummer dream must have infused itself into this mid-winter figment of fancy. And as to the artists, are they not known and observed of men every week?—*Camden Post*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 is with us, and should be with all lovers of funny reading and comic pictures, for the ANNUAL is brimming over with both. It distances old-fashioned almanacs, for its prognostications can be sworn by; its daily index is orthodox, and there can be no storms in any household where it is consulted regularly, for it is a breeder of good nature; and all for a quarter! All the writers and artists who have made the weekly PUCK famous are contributors to the ANNUAL. Go for it at once.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

We have so often expressed our opinion of PUCK'S ANNUAL, and the opinion has always been so ecstatic, that we are at a loss for anything new to say of the issue for 1883. Each of the months in the almanac is given a national character; and the whole volume is dedicated, "with sentiments of sardonic sympathy," to Secor Roberson. If any reader wants to know more about it, he may go and buy a copy himself—we don't intend to spoil our copy by mutilating it for the public benefit.—*Syracuse Herald*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883 has appeared. PUCK'S artists, editors and contributors have "conspired" to produce the biggest and best twenty-five cents' worth of original humor ever given to the public—and the result is a gratifying success. The ANNUAL consists of one hundred and twenty-five pages of sketches and poetry, and about one hundred engravings by Messrs. Keppler, Oppen, Gillam and others.—*Norristown Herald*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883, bright and spicy, full of humor, fun, wit, wisdom and general instruction for the lean, lazy, sick, slightly off, cranky, weak in the back and solid readers of the country, is at hand, and we greatly enjoy it. It's mighty good "readin'," and suggests to those who haven't "seen nor hearn tell" of it to write at once for a copy.—*Wheeling Leader*.

## CASTORIA.

"Why don't I sleep—what makes I cry?"  
Quite well you know, dear Aunt "Fy,"  
When stomach aches and moul' is sour,  
And mame sleeps at midnight hour,  
Cry I must for sweet CASTORIA,  
Same as Auntie gives Victoria.

A Statistician (batchelor of course,) insists that courtships average three tons of coals each, and we would add, scores of bad coughs and colds; but then every prudent gallant is provided with a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price, 25 cents.

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Sole Manufactory: Belfast, Ireland.

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\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address: BRUNSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

A STANDS for Accordeon, played on the street  
By many a beggar and many a beat,  
While B is for Bugle and likewise for Bones  
And the tender Bassoon of ravishing tones.  
For the C we have Cymbals and then Clarinet,  
And also the 'Cello we must not forget.  
While D stands for Dulcimer, also for Drum,  
And the Erard for E will most excellently come.  
Let's see; for the F we have Flute and have

Fife,

Which lend to all orchestras vigor and life.

While there's Guzla and Gong, and Guitar for the G,

And H stands for Hautboy and Harp you can see.

For I we then find the Illyrian lute,  
And J for the Jewsharp will splendidly suit.  
For K there's Kinoor, often played in the East,  
And Lyre is the L, twanged at many a feast.  
The M we can make the Melodeon sweet.  
And the old Nigger banjo for N we can greet.  
For O there's the Organ and Ophicleide, too,  
While for P both the Pipe and the Piano will do.  
The Quito guitar will go well with the Q,  
While the Reed-pipe for R is the best, *entre nous*.

For S we find Sax-horn, and Syrinx you see,  
And there's Trombone and Trumpet all right for the T.

The U will be Ugab, once played by the Jews,  
And for V we will certainly Violin choose.

The W stands for the Whistle, I'll own,  
And for X we're all safe with the brisk Xylophone,

While the Yak-horn for Y will be right all agree,  
And the Zither can end the long list as the Z.

—Cupid Jones, in Musical Critic.

"If you want some nice fresh butter, I've just received a lot from the country," said an Austin grocer to Col. Samuelson, who does not know much about book-keeping.

"I can't trade with you," was the reply: "until you give up keeping your books by the double-entry system."

"Why, Colonel, I don't keep my books by double-entry. I keep my accounts entirely by single-entry."

"You may not do it on purpose, but you do it all the same. When I buy a pound of butter you charge me up two pounds; or if you charge me with only one pound, you only send me half a pound. I can't afford to buy groceries from a man who believes in the double-entry system of book-keeping."—Texas Siftings.

ARTHUR CRAYON: "Miss Rosebud, I have brought a little picture which I painted especially for you. It has proved a very pleasant task during the month that I have worked on it."

Pinky Rosebud: "Oh, thanks, Mr. Crayon, you are very kind, but I am afraid that I must return the frame, as mother never allows me to accept presents of any value from gentlemen."

—Columbia Spectator.

OSCAR WILDE said he wanted to go to some country where he was not known, and straightway started for England.—Philadelphia News.

"Died in Europe." "died in Denver." and so on is the news received by friends at home daily when in most cases an early use of Hop Bitters would have saved the occasion for such sad news.

The man who invented the German Corn Remover is a public benefactor. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

Angostura Bitters were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Sievert for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Sievert & Sons.

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One bottle Radical Cure, one Box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, of all druggists for \$1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.



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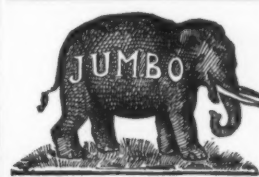
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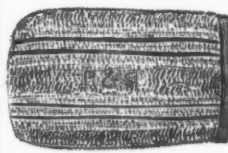
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For wet or dry use. Highly recommended by the Medical Profession for imparting a Natural Vigor to the Nervous System, for Strengthening Weak Limbs, and for the Prevention and relief of Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc. These are much more

handy and used to better advantage than the crash towel. Price of Gloves, 75 cents, \$1.00, \$1.25 per pair.

Flesh Belts, each, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00. Pads, " \$1.25, \$1.50.

The above goods are all of this year's importation, and by the best French and English makers. We have the largest assortment of any house in the world. Our new catalogue of 192 pages, 800 illustrations, by mail, 10 cents.

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 EMIL UNGER, 50 Park Place.  
 PAUL GOEPEL, N. Y. Staats-Zeitung Building.  
 JOHN VON GLAHN, 36 Chambers Street.  
 LOUIS KAEMMERER, 108 Grand Street.  
 RICHARD ADAMS, 495 Broadway.  
 CHAS. KLUNDER, 907 Broadway.  
 H. C. F. KOCH, Cor. 20th Street and 6th Avenue.  
 Boxes and Tickets of WILLIAM STEINWAY, 111 East 14th Street; CONSTANTIN SCHMIDT, 33 Broad Street; and LIE-  
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Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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## SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.

### "HAWKEYE" DOTS.

There is a "cow-tree" that grows in Venezuela that, when tapped, gives out a sap that is white, milky and nutritious. It has several advantages over the native American cow. The milk of the tree contains more milk and less water, and the tree can't kick you clean across the barn-yard and through a panel of rail fence if you happen to stand on the wrong side when you tap it for milk.

A Colorado paper tells how, not long since, a Union Pacific train chased a wolf five miles, and then the wolf fell down and the train ran over it. We believe all of that, except the part about the train catching the wolf. It may have chased it for five miles, or five thousand miles, but it never caught it. Unless, indeed, the wolf got tired of life, or stopped to kill a horse or rob a hen-roost, or something of that sort, or started to go back down the track after something it had left. But the idea that a U. P. train ever caught anything that had legs and could crawl, and did crawl, and kept on crawling, is absurd.

A Syracuse cow was run over by a railway train and one of her hind-legs cut off. Her owner, a skillful surgeon, healed the wounded stump and put on a wooden leg, upon which the cow now stumps around very comfortably. If this be true, and it probably is, the only trouble will be that when that cow is butchered to make a Roman holiday, one of the quarters won't have any handle.

Now the scientists tell us that the concentric rings in a tree are no guide whatever to the tree's age; that a section of the trunk may show thirty rings when the tree is only eight years old. There you go again. By-and-by, when you go to buy a cow, and stand appalled at seeing forty-six rings on each horn, the man will pull a copy of "Origin of Species" on you and swear by all that is scientific that that cow is a heifer, only thirteen months old.—Robert J. Burdette.

"WHAT luck did you hab las' night, parson?" asked Rev. Aminidab Bledsoe of Whangdoodle Baxter, two of the most popular colored clergymen in Austin, or in this section of Texas, for that matter.

"Didn't hab no luck at all. Dar was no chickens in reach. I found a lot ob shirts hangin' on a line, but de wedder was so inclement dat de shirts and udder close was froze to de line so tight I couldn't pull 'em off. Maybe de Lawd will temper de wind to de shorn lamb, and moderate de wedder, so I kin pull dem close offen de line ef dey am still out ter-night."

"Why de debble didn't yer cut de line at bofe ends and go off wid de line, close and all?"

"Brudder Whangdoodle, nex' time I'll be proud ter hab yer go along. You has studied de subject line upon line and precept upon precept."—Texas Siftings.

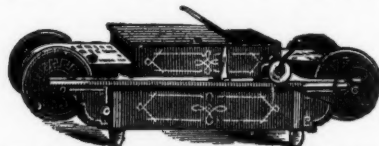
LIFE is like a pack of cards. Childhood's best cards are hearts; youth is won by diamonds; middle age is conquered with a club, while old age is raked in by a spade.—Whitehall Times.

"Lynn, Mass., always was a good place for health, but it has become a modern Bethesda since Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of 233 Western Avenue, made her great discovery of the Vegetable Compound, or panacea for the principal ills that afflict the fair creation. This differs, however, from the ancient scene of marvelous cures in this important particular: The healing agent, with all its virtues, can be sent to order by express or mail all over the world.

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## THE AUTOPHONE.

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Gentlemen who Smoke should cleanse their teeth daily with

## SOZODONT.

This aromatic vegetable dentifrice cools and refreshes the mouth, PURIFIES the Breath, and renders the Teeth Clean and White. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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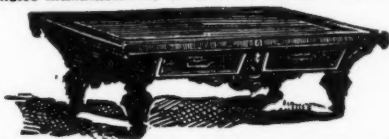
In 20 Numbers, of superior English make, suited to every style of writing. A Sample of each for trial, by mail, on receipt of 25 Cents. Ask your Stationer for the SPENCERIAN PENS.  
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NEWEST AND MOST ELEGANT STYLES.  
The unequalled 'Monarch' Cushions which we warrant for 10 years.  
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Choice Songs and Ballads, words and music for 15c.  
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"STREET WAIFS." New Set of Imported Cards, by mail on receipt of 5 3c. stamps.  
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**PUCK'S ANNUAL**  
Price 25 Cents.

**AMERICAN**  
**Star Soft Capsules.**

CHEAPEST, QUICKEST, SUREST, BEST  
AND MOST RELIABLE SOFT CAPSULES.  
GENUINE ONLY IN  
Metallic Boxes, Star Stamped on Cover, with  
Blue Wrapper with Star Monogram.  
Ask your Druggist for them; take no other.  
**VICTOR F. MAUGER, General Agent,**  
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**TAPE WORM.**  
INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to  
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SING, heavenly muse, the noble quadruped,  
Whom Orientals oft presume to scorn,  
Who glorifies the food that he is fed,  
Extracting carbon from convenient corn.  
He goes abroad, our land to represent:  
The earth, from pole to tropic, is his range;  
He fills the bill for use and ornament,  
Greases the world and regulates exchange.  
If Bismarck bars our barrels, tubs, or cans,  
Forcing our pork to make its way incog.,  
Upset his schemes and overthrow his plans,  
And clear a pathway for the native hog!

—Ex.  
HEARD in a hotel office:  
"Is there a fire company within a block of this hotel?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"And a hook-and-ladder company near?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"And fire-escapes on all sides of the building?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"And extinguishers at every door?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"And rope-ladders in every apartment?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Well, if you can give me a room on the first floor, with a window opening into a back alley, I will stay all night."—Phila. News.

THE very meanest boy in existence saw a man in the act of slipping down and yelled to him: "There's an egg in your hip-pocket!" The slipping man didn't have time to reflect that the statement was not true, but the frantic efforts he made to save himself were terrible to witness.—Boston Post.

FROM the West comes the sad news that a minstrel troupe went to pieces recently, and the company were obliged to go to chopping wood in order to keep from starving. This proves that even in the dramatic profession there's often "a nigger in the wood-pile."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

"THE Pendleton civil service reform bill has passed," remarked Mr. Wigglesworth, from the interior of his paper.  
"Well, I'm glad of that," said his wife: "and now I hope our hired girl will have a little more manners."—Rockland Courier-Gazette.

\*"Presumption begins in ignorance and ends in ruin." On the other hand, the productions of Kidney-Wort began with wise cautions and scientific research, and its use ends in restoring shattered constitutions and endowing men and women with health and happiness.

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